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A Pictorial Souvenir
and Historical Sketch of

TOMBSTONE

ARIZONA

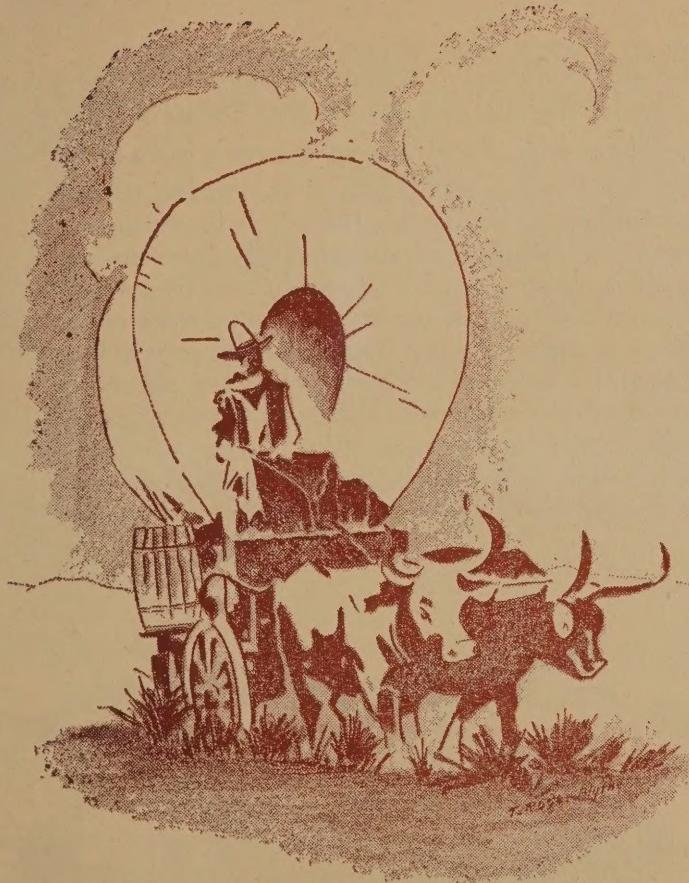
"The Town too Tough to Die"

Blythe



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A Pictorial Souvenir and Historical Sketch of TOMBSTONE ARIZONA "The Town too tough to die"

Looking back into Arizona's colorful past, the hectic pioneer days of the early eighties, Tombstone was the toughest, roughest, richest little city in the entire southwest. With its rip-roaring atmosphere of a frontier town, its Apache Indians, cowboys, prospectors, professional gamblers, cattle thieves, stage robbers, burlesque queens, Mexicans, Chinese, mine owners, merchants, lawyers and doctors, Tombstone hasimmered from it all with a reputation of "the town too tough to die."

In this pictorial booklet of pencil sketches we endeavor to present to you the buildings of Tombstone as they look today, although the majority of them were built between 1879 and 1882. One of the outstanding highlights of the town is the old Bird Cage Theatre, which offered in its heyday, "stupendous, colossal attractions" by night, gambling and drinking by day, has been turned into a museum and is filled with mementos of the town's early history. You have missed a thrilling sight if you fail to see Tombstone, heart of the old Southwest, where history was written with sixshooters.

THIS BOOKLET COMPILED,
SKETCHED and EDITED BY
T. ROGER BLYTHE
P.O.BOX 2552 TUCSON, ARIZ.

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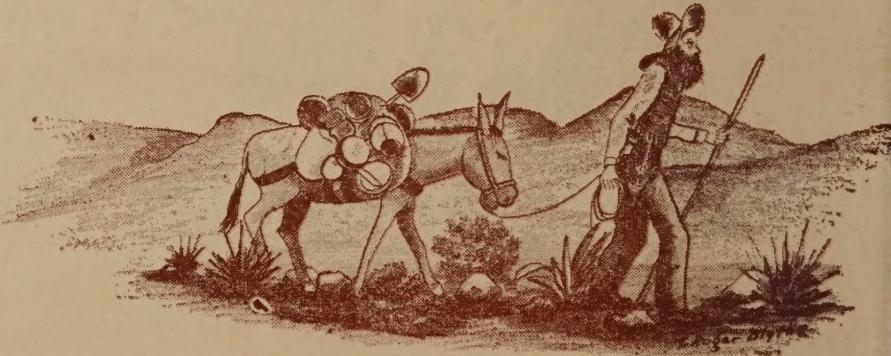
ED SCHIEFFELIN

The prospector who set out from Fort Huachuca in 1877, regardless of danger from the Apaches to "look for stones."

TOMBSTONE ARIZONA "The Most Colorful Mining Town of the Early West"

Tombstone, like many other mining towns is but a ghost town compared to the pomp and glory of its heyday when life was one exciting episode after another. This town came into being when Ed Schieffelin discovered a rich silver mine in 1877. News of his strike spread to all parts of the country, as a result thousands of fortune seekers thronged to the place.

Ed Schieffelin, a prospector since boyhood days came to the San Pedro Valley with a troop of Government Scouts, scouring that part of the country for Indians. Little did these scouts dream that underneath the drabness of the vast desert lay a storehouse of the nation's treasures. It was Ed Schieffelin who discovered this. During one of their scouting trips his eye glanced





SCHIEFFELIN HALL WAS THE HOME OF DRAMA, MINSTRELS, TRAGEDY, MUSICAL COMEDY, LIGHT OPERA

toward a stone with a deep mineral stain on it. Silently he dropped it into his pocket, secretly he decided to become prospector again, hoping to find his pot of gold or silver, as it was in his case. Working over hills and hollows, braving savage Indian Warriors, starvation and loneliness, he at last found the source of this richness, his dreams had come true.

Reflecting on a remark made to him by a fellow scout when he found Ed Schieffelin prospecting, "the only stone you will find in those Indian infested hills will be your tombstone," he decided to call the place Tombstone. When he went to Tucson to file his claim, that name went into the official record, it has always been Tombstone and no one wants to change it. The town and mine are a



THE ORIENTAL BAR WAS FAMOUS AS THE HANG-OUT OF U.S. DEPUTY MARSHALL, WYATT EARP

veritable monument to this man of faith and courage who later went out from there a millionaire.

From Tucson Ed Schieffelin went to get help from his brother Al and Richard Gird assayer and mining engineer. These three formed a verbal partnership which lasted for years and involved the handling of millions of dollars. Ed Schieffelin was rich, famous and still young, but he sought new adventures in the realm of civilization. He lived in every section of the country, had rich experiences, friends and surroundings, but they were

not for him, they failed to dim his memory of the old days under primitive conditions. The pleasure he received from his wealth was only in the finding of it. He had assayed modern life and found it lacking. The desert, mountains and outdoor life called him back, there he lived the rest of his days until found dead by a traveler who passed his lonely cabin.

All classes of people streamed into this mining camp, from the cultured good, on down to the lowest gambler. During the days when the mine was at its peak of success



THE OLD "CRYSTAL PALACE," ONCE TOMBSTONE'S MOST POPULAR MEETING PLACE...AS IT LOOKS TODAY

the town grew to a population of over 15,000, the largest city between El Paso and San Diego, the largest in Arizona. The townsite was laid out in 1879, gradually buildings of frame and adobe took the place of the first flimsy structures, nearly every other business house was a saloon and gamblinghouse. It was a town full of contrasts, though there were desperadoes a-plenty, there were also hard working citizens who established homes and schools, while drunken orgies going on in dance halls, the higher class people were listening to the gospel preached in the churches, stage coaches held up while courts were in

session. Every day was filled with romance, danger and stirring events, people made and spent plenty of money. The stores had merchandise of excellent quality, citizens were well dressed in the latest styles. Smartness was the word for costumes worn on the main street of this frontier town. Saloons were likewise sources of quick wealth, night and day the long bars were crowded. Unlike the dingy old boozing dens of the border towns, places such as Crystal Palace, Oriental and Alhambra were attractive with oil paintings, mirrors and mahogany bars, bartenders with starched white aprons were connoisseurs



THE CAN-CAN CAFE...DURING THE 1880's IT EMPLOYED HUNTERS TO PROVIDE IT WITH DEER, BEAR, ANTELOPE... LOBSTERS and FISH

of mixed drinks. The places were filled with professional gamblers in their immaculate clothes and flashy diamonds, and miners making good strikes thought nothing of going away from the gambling table either richer or poorer.

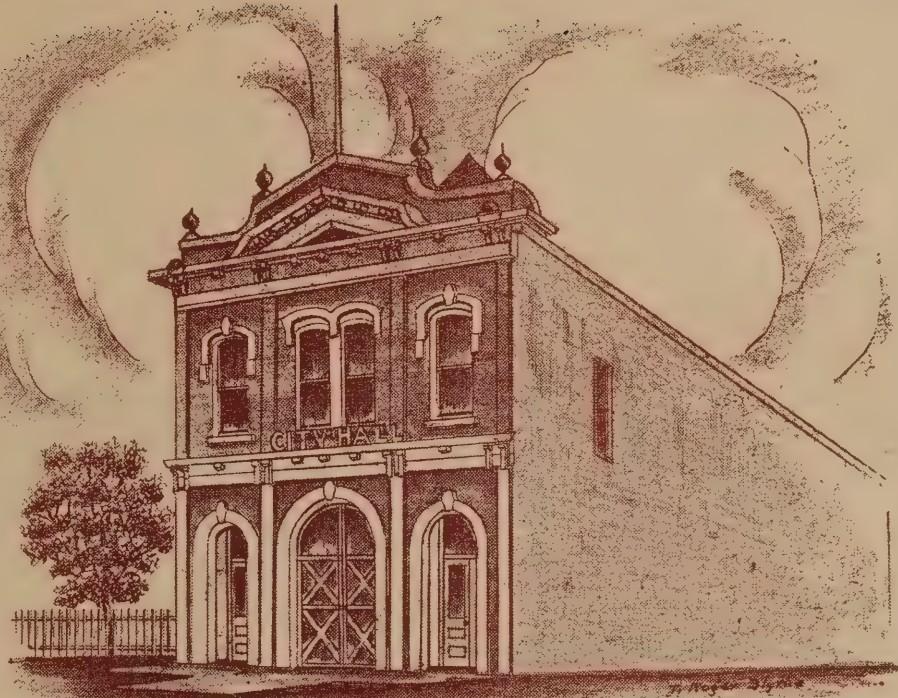
Life on the whole in this wild and reckless mining camp went on at a pace too rapid to imagine. There were feuds and killings, gun duels over card games, cattle-stealing, smuggling and stagecoach robberies, all tended to create a tense atmosphere, one must always be on the alert to protect himself, a man never went out without his six-shooter for who could tell when he might be drawn into trouble. The law of the

gun was the law of the land in those days, most settlers had their own rules and by them they lived and died.

One peace officer who came to play an important part in the riotous life of Tombstone was Wyatt Earp, thirty-six years of age but courageous and strong-willed, his experience as a peace officer in Dodge City, fitted him for the task that was his in Tombstone. With him had come his brothers, Virgil, Morgan, James and Warren, also Doc Holliday, a staunch friend of Wyatt Earp, this friendship was sealed more tightly because each one owed his life to the other several times over. Of the five Earps, Wyatt was the born leader; together with his brains

and courage, he soon rose to the top in power. First he was a federal deputy marshall for the Tombstone area, then he became shot-gun messenger for the Wells-Fargo Company on the stages going to Benson. Though robberies had been frequent, not a single hold-up was staged during the time he served as a shot-gun messenger. He next was offered a partnership in the Oriental Saloon after the proprietor had some difficulty with irate gamblers. He accepted this offer and resigned his position with the Wells-Fargo, after he became one of the proprietors, the Oriental was the most orderly, as well as the most prosperous place in town.

Cochise County was organized in 1880 and Tombstone was made the county seat. John Behan was appointed first sheriff by the governor. He was a man of many good qualities, but hardly the man for such a large task. He had not been in office long when Wyatt Earp announced that he was running for sheriff at the next election, so these two were political enemies from that time on. Sheriff Behan was friendly and lenient toward Curly Bill and his outlaws, a powerful band of murderers



CITY HALL...has been in continuous use since the year 1882

and bandits, who in turn hated the Earps after Wyatt one time had knocked Curly Bill over the head with his six-shooter and carried him off to jail. He vowed to get revenge and on his side were such men as Ike Finn and Billy Clanton, their father, old man Clanton, Tom and Frank McLowery, John Ringo, Pete Spence and Frank Stillwell,



A Sketch of ALLEN STREET ... the scene where Wyatt Earp held off a mob of 300 men with a shotgun, who came to take "Johnny-Behind-the-Deuce"...also the street where Morgan Earp picked a fight with the Clantons.

thus the fire of hatred smolders for a while before it finally burst into flame. But Wyatt Earp had cleaned up Tombstone, he had done a good job, the respectable citizens, also the newspapers praised him highly for what he had done.

The incident that speaks most of his bravery was when he single-handed held off a mob of 300 blood-thirsty men who were determined to lynch "Johnny-Behind-the-Deuce," because he had for no good reason killed their employer, the chief engineer at the Stamp Mill. "Johnny-Behind-the-Deuce" was a gambler, unimportant though he was, had been given that.

name by some of his gambler friends. He was turned over to Wyatt Earp before the angry mob reached the spot and it was his duty to protect him, and protect him he did. When the crowd dispersed he took him in a spring wagon to Tucson to jail, but he escaped before his trial and never was recaptured.

The exploits of Curly Bill are far too numerous to mention, but he was the most famous outlaw in the West, a large scale operator; he stole cattle from the scattered ranches and later took to stealing cattle from across the border in Mexico, sometimes a thousand head would be stolen at one time, many of these were



OFFICE OF THE TOMBSTONE EPITAPH, the oldest weekly continuously published in Arizona, first published, May 1st 1880

shipped east to slaughter houses. Many and varied were the happenings on Allen Street, the main street wide and swarming with people and traffic. Lumber wagons came in from the sawmills, stage-coaches departed. Heavy wagons loaded with ore with 16 horses to draw them were constantly off to the mills at Charleston. Allen Street with its sidewalks protected from the sun by wooden awnings had a typical mining town atmosphere.

The O.K. Corral was at one end of Allen Street and the Bird Cage Theatre at the other end.

The Epitaph, one of the town's first newspapers, was unique in that it was the only newspaper by that name in the world, one story gives Ed Schieffelin the credit for naming it. He declared that "Epitaphs" and newspapers were on a par when it comes to telling the truth. Following is one of the most thrilling events covered by the Epitaph.



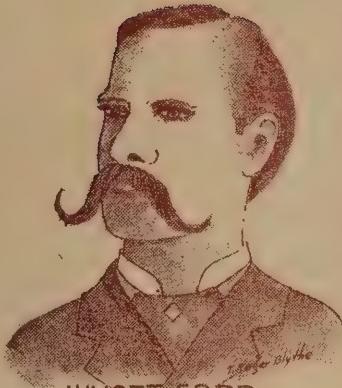
THE O.K.CORRAL, site of the Faro-Clanton feud; three men died, two injured in 20 seconds of fighting.

Although there were numerous instances of outlawry and murder, the Faro-Clanton battle of 1881 was Tombstone's bloodiest and most widely publicized gun-battle, when three men died and two others were wounded in less than a minute of desperate "lead-throwing." According to the Tombstone epitaph of October 27th 1881, the following is what transpired in those few seconds:

"The liveliest street battle that ever occurred in Tombstone took place at 2:30 p.m. today, resulting in the

death of three persons, and the wounding of two others, one probably fatally. For some time past several cowboys have been in town, a feud existed between the city marshall, Virgil Faro, his two brothers, Morgan and Wyatt Faro and Doc Holliday on one side, and Ike and Billy Clanton and Frank and Tom McLowery on the other.

"The Clantons and McLowery brothers are known as cowboys, and Ike had been in town for the past week drinking freely, and was arrested this morning for



WYATT EARP

carrying concealed weapons, he having appeared on the street with a Winchester rifle and a six-shooter on. After paying his fine he is reported to have made threats against Marshall Earp and his brothers, and it is known that bad blood existed between them for some time.

About 2:30 o'clock the marshall requested his brothers, Morgan and Wyatt and Doc Holliday to accompany him to aid in disarming the cowboy, as trouble was feared in the evening. They started toward the O.K. Corral on Fremont street, and a few doors below the Nugget Office saw the Clantons and the McLowery brothers talking to Sheriff Behan, who had requested them to disarm. The marshall called out, "Boys, throw up your hands, I want you to give up your shooters."

At this Frank McLowery attempted to draw his pistol, when Wyatt Earp immediately shot him, the ball entering just above the waist. Doc Holliday then let go at Tom McLowery with a shotgun, filling him full of buckshot under the right arm. Billy Clanton then blazed away at Marshall Earp, and Ike Clanton, who it is claimed was unarmed started and ran off through the corral to Allen street. The firing then became general, and

some thirty shots were fired, all in such rapid succession that the fight was over in less than one minute.

When the smoke cleared away it was found that Frank McLowery had been killed outright, with one ball through the torso, one in the left breast, and one in the right temple, the latter two wounds being received at the same instant. Tom McLowery lay dead around the corner at Third street, a few feet from Fremont, the load of buckshot fired by Holliday killing him almost instantly. Billy Clanton lay on the side of the street, with one shot in the right waist and another in the right side near the wrist, and the third in the left breast. He was taken into a house and lived about half an hour in great agony.

Morgan Earp was shot through both shoulders, the ball creasing the skin. Marshall Earp was shot thru the fleshy part of the right leg. Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday escaped unhurt.

The shooting created great excitement and the street was immediately filled with people. Ike Clanton was captured and taken to jail, where he now remains. The jail is guarded by a number of citizens to prevent lynching of which there is no apparent danger. The three dead bodies were removed to the morgue where they now lie.

It is reported that several thousand dollars were found on the bodies. The feeling of the better class of citizens is that the marshall and his posse acted solely in the right in attempting to disarm the cowboys and that it was a case of kill or get killed. The town is quiet and the authorities are fully able to maintain order.

The famous BIRD CAGE THEATRE

Aside from the many saloons and gambling halls, perhaps the most popular meeting place was the Bird Cage Variety Theatre, a one story adobe structure, divided in two sections, the barroom in the front and the theatre proper, separated by a partition. The barroom was crowded day and night. They drank and gambled all day until time for the show, then after the show they danced, gambled and drank until morning. The Bird Cage attracted the rougher element, the shows were on the



THE BIRD CAGE MUSEUM...as it looks today



Twenty-Mule Team Wagons Used In the Eighties and Ninties at Tombstone, Arizona

Tombstone's Only Hearse
Now On Display at the Bird Cage Museum.



A TYPICAL "NIGHT SCENE" IN THE BIRD CAGE THEATRE AS SKETCHED FROM A DRAWING MADE IN 1881

risqué side, and nightly it was packed to the brim. At the same time the cultural groups were attracted to Schieffelin Hall, there they were entertained with musicals, plays and performances of a higher type.

In the Bird Cage Theatre there is a "horse-shoe" of small curtained upper boxes around the wall, suspended from the ceiling and access to them was by means of a very steep, narrow stair-way. This Theatre became known as the Bird Cage because the boxes resembled bird cages and the actresses, when not performing acted as waitresses, serving drinks to the occupants, and they resembled birds in a gilded cage.

The price of seats in the auditorium was \$1.00, except for special occasions. The boxes above rented for as high as \$25.00 a night, depending on the location. One well known character known as "Russian Bill" rented a box nearest the stage every night for two years at \$25.00 a night. This Russian Bill was a mystery, he professed to be a desperado but he could not conceal the fact that he was a scholar and a gentleman. In order for people to think he was an outlaw instead of an actor that he was, went out and stole a horse for which he was hanged the same day. Later it was learned that he was a member of the Royal Family of Russia.

At the time that water flooded the mines and the great exodus took place, the Bird Cage closed, never to open again as a theatre. It has since become a museum, operated by Mr. Harry Ohm, and houses one of the most famous historical exhibits of its kind. Visitors inscribe their names in a huge registration book from practically every state in the nation. Many interesting old pieces that are saturated with history, and which recall to mind the happenings of those early times are included in this collection. Some of the rare specimens are: the old rosewood piano which



NELLIE CASHMAN
the angel of the camp,
the proprietor of the
RUSS HOUSE,
she was an Irish girl
and a friend to all.

gave forth music for nightly dances, the old organ used in Tombstone's Episcopal Church, a hand made dice table, an old faro table and chairs, the oldest Roulette wheel in the Southwest, an 18,000 horse-drawn hearse stands in stately fashion on back stage, it was used to haul bodies of saints and sinners to "Boot Hill."

Nellie Cashman, an angel of the mining camp, was known to every miner and gambler in the West, as she had followed the mining rushes from Montana to New Mexico and opened up a boarding house in each town. In Tombstone she ran the Russ House where she fed the hungry, nursed the sick and befriended the friendless. She staked many a man who had no money (until he could earn some), by giving him room and board. She was among those who fought for law and order. She helped tear down the immense stand that had been erected, that spectators paying \$2.50 might witness the mass hanging of the five Bisbee bandits. These five masked men, on the night of Dec. 8th 1883, when Christmas shopping was well under way, killed





THE SAN JOSE, a popular boardinghouse in the early eighties.

five men and one woman while robbing a Bisbee store. John Heath was arrested and placed in jail in Tombstone. He was found to be an accomplice of the five men but was not sentenced to the gallows. A meeting was held in Bisbee and as a result, 50 men went to Tombstone, took John Heath from the Court House jail and lynched him. A coroners verdict declared that his death was due to strangulation, self-inflicted, or otherwise.

During the period when Tombstone declined from 15,000 inhabitants to 3,000, crime flourished as never before. It became an age of cattle and horse thieves. John Slaughter was



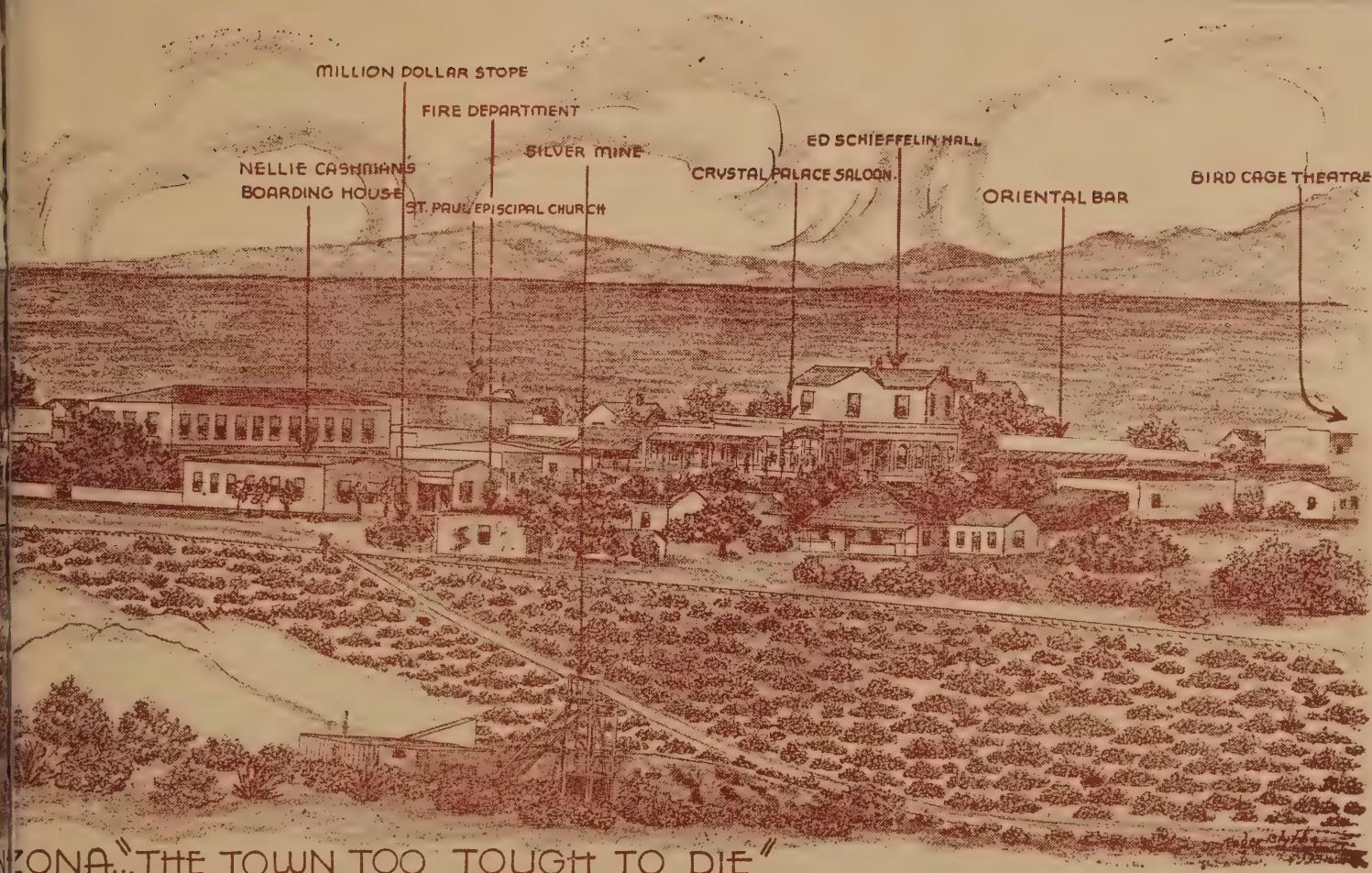
THE OLD FIRE DEPARTMENT BUILDING

the very person to become sheriff of Cochise County. His fearless fight for his life, home and property, fitted him for the position. He was a man of iron, a quick thinker and quick on the trigger. A familiar sight was to see him ride out of town for a horse thief, he always came back with the horse, when John Slaughter finished with the thief, he could never steal any more horses. His one-man-jury either sentenced a man to exile or death, it didn't matter much to Slaughter.

Tombstone today is a live little city of over 1000 inhabitants, the buildings are of the old past, but many new ones are being built and the people are wide awake, law-abiding, peace-loving citizens.



A PANORAMIC SKETCH OF TOMBSTONE
Once the Most famous Mining Town of the Old West...



ZONA "THE TOWN TOO TOUGH TO DIE"
Living Little City of Modern Stores, Schools and Homes.

GERONIMO and the APACHE INDIANS

In 1887 when Ed Schieffelin came to the vast wilderness of Southeastern Arizona, Geronimo and his vicious Apache Indians were plundering the sparsely settled land from the San Simon to the Huachucas, and from the Gila to the Mexican border with a warfare of ruthless murders.





CHI-HUA-HUA...San Carlos Apache
...was hung for murder of Capt. Sterling
on April, 19th 1882. He was one of Chief
Geronimo's faithful lieutenants.

Geronimo was perhaps the most conspicuous and vicious villain in the entire west. He was born in transient, of parents fleeing from retribution, after a plundering campaign and murder in old Mexico. His heartless attitude on all occasions was without parallel and all along he showed a capacity for selecting subordinates in his career of blood, second only to the great Napoleon himself in his selection of field marshalls. Among those faithful lieutenants, who, on a hundred occasions proved themselves pastmasters on the science of pillage and the art of butchery, Chato (Flat Nose), Nacho, Loco (crazy), Chihuahua (sketched to left), Dutchy, and Ju (Hoo), were perhaps most conspicuous. All these murderers, vied with each other in their efforts to enact scenes of atrocity, which would meet with the hearty approval of their chief, Geronimo, and were profusely decorated with medals.

The Apache's way of war was, no battles, only murder. In those days of dread surprise, the wild shot and the smothered scream told the old, old tale of tragedy in its most dreadful form, when your cabin door was apt to be your portal of eternity, when behind every rock the lurking savage sought the life of the pioneer, when sweet womanhood and innocent childhood appealed unavailingly for mercy, and the sneaking coyote followed in the wake of devastation and held his sombre feast.

In 1886 the end of Geronimo's bloody career was at hand. General Miles was commissioned and directed to hunt him out of his stronghold in the Sierra Madres in Mexico. He executed the mission with dispatch and completeness which commanded the profound regard of the people of Southern Arizona and Northern Mexico. In his last years he appeared to develop a vein of repentance, but no symptoms of remorse.





Monument of ED SCHIEFFELIN, Tombstone, Ariz.

For a wide-open mining camp such as was Tombstone, with its numerous feuds and killings, certainly a more appropriate name for a burial site could not have been found than "Boot Hill." In this quaint old graveyard, adjoining the city limit on the northwest, on a desolate, windswept slope, lie the remains of several of the early West's desperados,

The Internationally famous Boothill Graveyard Sign, Tombstone, Ariz.

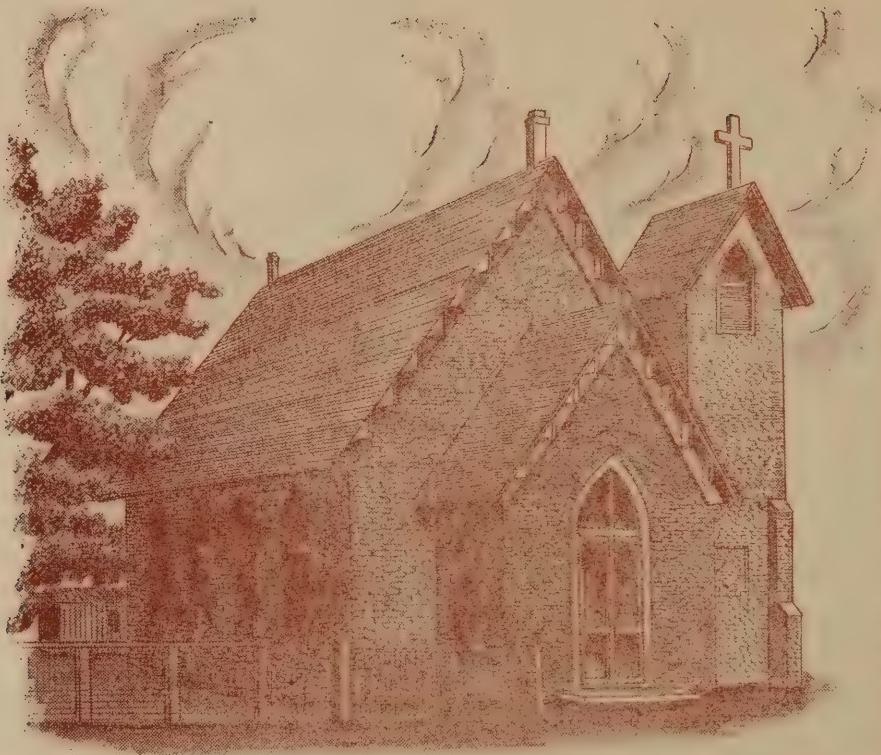
and bad men, including gamblers, highway men and cattle rustlers who "died with their boots on." Some of the best of the West also "sleep" here. Boot Hill was also the burying ground of Jewish, Chinese and negro inhabitants. Uprights of three large crosses, once supporting oil lamps on Tombstone's busy streets, stand as silent sentinels "guarding" the entrance.



TOMBSTONE'S UNIQUE BOOT HILL GRAVEYARD

Boot Hill is truly the most unique graveyard in the United States, and thousands of tourists visit it annually.

One marker is "Dedicated to the memory of all the unidentified." Many metal and also wood markers identify the 300 graves.



The Historical ST. PAUL EPISCOPAL CHURCH

The community of Tombstone, wild and wide awake as it was, was especially fortunate to have in its midst during its early founding the Reverend Peabody, a young student, a man whose name is indelibly connected with the building of the first Episcopal Church in Arizona and the Southwest.

Rev. Peabody, as his name implies, was connected with the

earliest and most aristocratic families in Massachusetts. His ancestors had come over on the Mayflower, and had been associated from the earliest years with the educational, religious and cultural life of the state.

Reverend Peabody must have been a man of strong character and a charming personality for he endeared himself to the people of Tombstone which was made up partly of the rough element, found in rough and lawless centers of those early days. It seems incredible to us that a man with his early training and cultured background should have selected this mining town of the far west in which to begin his early work. Doubtless he planted better than he dreamed for his work still flourishes and exerts its influence in Tombstone which has diminished in importance from one of the largest cities of 15,000 inhabitants in the days of the "rush" down to a very progressive, wide-awake town of over a thousand people at the present time.

This early church still stands...an adobe structure of beautiful architectural design. It is furnished with massive black walnut pews whose timbers were hauled by oxen from the Chiricahua Mountains, fifty miles away. The carpets were rich, durable and beautiful, the organ deptoned and solemn...all attesting their worth and value and all an honor to the architect, the faithful members and the minister who worked so zealously for the building of their church. The original carpets and fixtures are still used in this historic church.

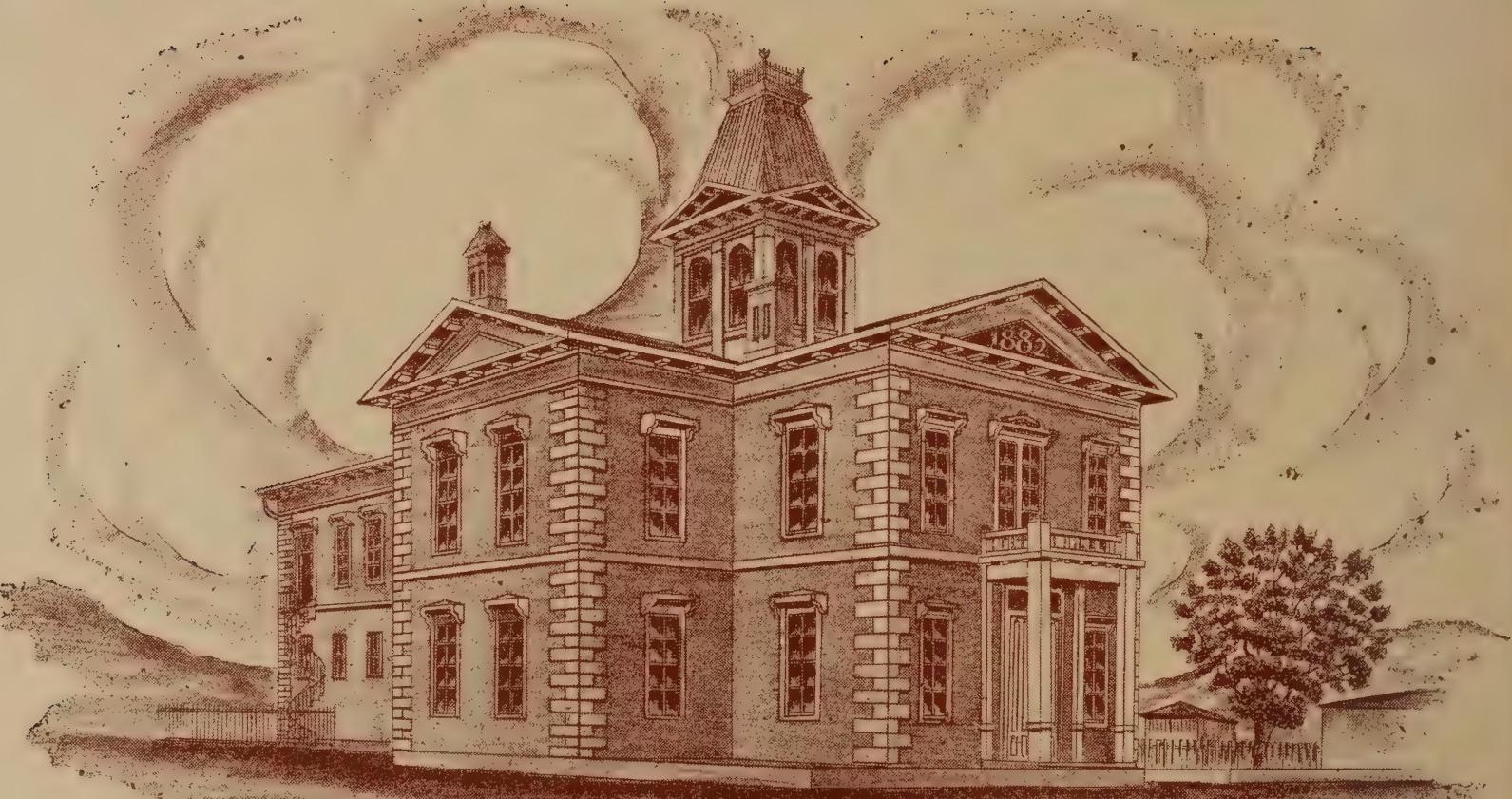
St. Paul's Episcopal Guild in Tombstone is the oldest Guild in the state, having been in active continuous service for more than a half century. Reverend Peabody has been headmaster of Groton School for over 54 years.



SACRED HEART
CATHOLIC CHURCH

CONGREGATIONAL
COMMUNITY CHURCH

R. Roger Dyrke



The Former "MILLION DOLLAR" COCHISE COUNTY COURTHOUSE

Tombstone once was the county seat of Cochise County, and its court house, completed in 1882, was at that time the most imposing edifice in Southern Arizona.

The large court-room was the scene of many dramatic trials, and in the courtyard to the northwest, there were several hangings. It is sketched as it looks today.



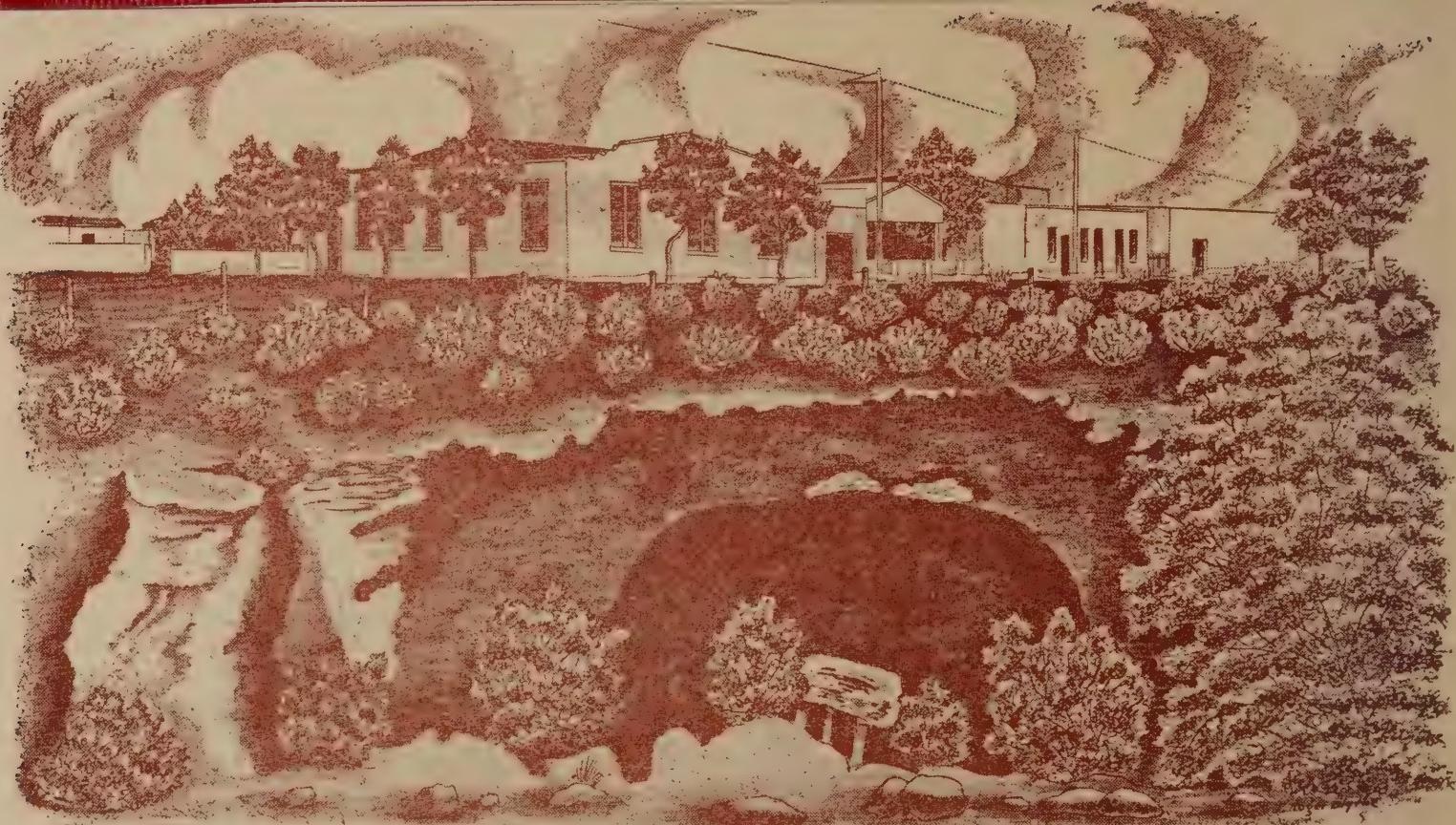
THE ROSE TREE INN...TOMBSTONE'S LEADING HOTEL TODAY

In the patio of the Rose Tree Inn grows the world's largest rose tree. It was planted over 60 years ago by a Scotch lassie from a started slip sent her from Scotland. Through many years of strife and growth, of this early day silver camp, this rose tree, a white Lady Banksia, has grown to a height of 9 feet and spreads over an arbor about 60 by 50 feet.

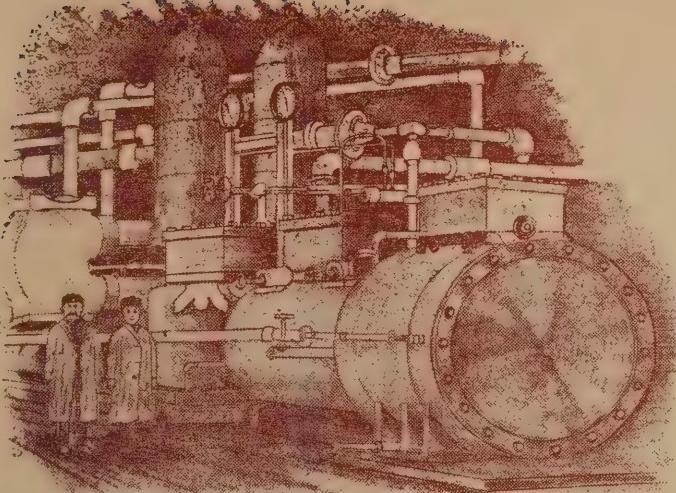
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THE WORLD'S LARGEST ROSE TREE



This extremely large hole indicates the MILLION DOLLAR STOPE from which a million dollars worth of silver was taken in Tombstone's initial boom. Stope mining is carried on in timber-supported passages. These passages beneath the city lead for miles under the surrounding country and connect with other mines. The large opening was made by a cave-in that engulfed a horse and delivery wagon.



Pumps used for dewatering when the underground lake was tapped at the 1500 foot level. The pumps were set at approximately the 1000 foot level and were probably the largest pumps ever built at that time. Due to a breakdown, control of the water was lost and the pumps still remain submerged 1000 feet below surface. The man sketched on the right represents Mr. J. H. Macia, who was superintendent of mines at that time and is still living in Tombstone and is in good health at this date...1948.

TOMBSTONE'S SILVER-GOLD MINES

After the discovery of silver ore by Ed Schieffelin in 1877 at Tombstone, many new companies sprang up, and the largest combination shaft in the West, and pumps that drew 1,600,000 gallons of water from the mines daily were installed to aid in the extracting of ore from the mines. Over 90 percent of the development work and mining was done above the 500-foot level on account of water. Today small operators and lessers work the old shafts down to water level, but so far no one has penetrated the depths for the precious metals. It is estimated that about \$80,000,000 worth of minerals have been taken from the Tombstone mines.





TOMBSTONE'S HIGH SCHOOL...THE TOWN'S MOST IMPOSING BUILDING

TOMBSTONE'S CLIMATE... DELIGHTFUL ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Tombstone is favored with an abundance of sunshine throughout the entire year, and with a dry, clear air through which it filters, makes an equable climate for this progressive little city, situated near the center of Cochise County in Southeastern Arizona, thirty miles from the Mexican border. Tombstone has an elevation of 4500 feet, making it a well-nigh perfect climate. The sun imparts more ultra violet rays at this

point than at any other place in the United States. Persons suffering from sinusitis, asthma, arthritis, tuberculosis, bronchitis, skin disease and many others find an immediate relief here. According to figures compiled from Government weather reports for Tombstone during the past 6 years, the average maximum temperature is 94.18 degrees, the average minimum is 58.32 degrees. Annual rainfall, 13.23 inches, average cloudy days per year, only 21.4.



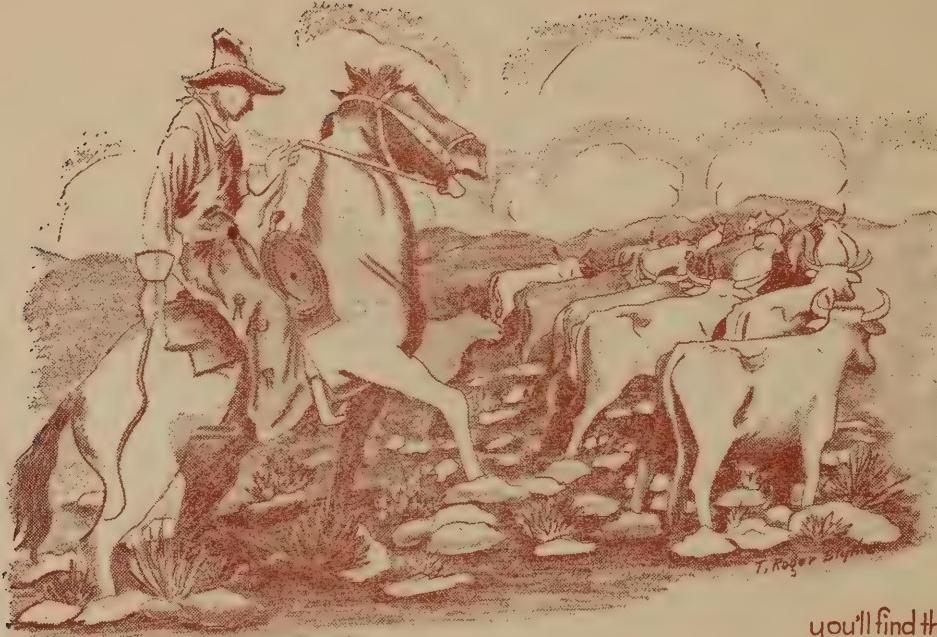
TOMBSTONE, FAMOUS AS A MEDICAL CENTER

Tombstone is rapidly becoming nationally known as a health and medical center. It was in September, 1945 that Dr. Peter Paul Zinn established the new Medical Center for the treatment of sinusitis, asthma, arthritis, and many other kindred ailments. Dr. Zinn was formerly a member of the Phelps-Dodge Hospital staff at Bisbee, Arizona, as well as Vice President of the Cochise County Medical Association. Treatments, utilizing the therapeutic qualities of chlorine gas is administered by the method pioneered and perfected by Father Roger Hull of New Mexico. Generated

by an electrolytic process, in connection with a carbon anode and cathode immersed in a saline solution, the gas is inhaled from a tube which the patient holds beneath his nose. In asthmatic cases, a tube blowing oxygen is employed simultaneously with the tube emitting chlorinated gas.

Since the inauguration of this new Medical Center, hundreds and hundreds of invalids began to flood the town from practically every state in the nation.

Tombstone is alive again...however stories of the past are being uncovered, old timers are interviewed, pictures of the first buildings have been taken by top photographers of leading magazines and interesting articles have been written by representatives of city newspapers. With the Medical Center has come a new boom.



TOMBSTONE...IN THE HEART OF A GREAT CATTLE COUNTRY

Some Arizonians mourn the passing of the Old West. They tell us it is gone. They grieve a lot about what has happened to the "last frontier", well, perhaps they are right. Perhaps the rip-roaring, wild-riding days of the big cattle drives have passed. Maybe there are only ten head of cattle today in some grazing areas

where there used to be a hundred, but let it be remembered, that at prevailing prices there doesn't need to be...and that the cattle industry is still one of the state's three principal industries, and that the cattle baron is still among the foremost of our leading citizens...and for that matter, so are the cattle, or the greater part of them.

If you look closely, clad in little different garb, minus six-shooters, but still booted and spurred, you'll probably find the baron, too.

Cities and roads and autos and fences have exacted their toll, but when you get away from the towns and highways, back into the far country, the hills and valleys that will always be range land, you'll find the Old West and its manner of life and its people very much like they were sixty or seventy years ago. Somewhat modernized, to be sure, but the same grandeur, the same fine old ranch houses, the same friendly and lovable inhabitants and the same plain and quiet and comfortable living are there.

One of the truly great cattle-raising regions of the world, Southeastern Arizona boasts some of the finest Hereford stock ever bred and Tombstone is situated in the very center of this section and is entirely surrounded by ranches that are typical of the West at its best.



SHEEP HEAD MOUNTAIN can be seen near the center of the Dragoon Mountain range
which lies north of Tombstone, several miles across the desert.



TOMBSTONE'S FREIGHT DEPOT
SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES



TOMBSTONE'S PASSENGER DEPOT
Six miles to the southwest, met by cars daily.



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